



E L E G Y

IN

Commemoration of

S^R Edmund Saunders,

Late Lord Chief Justice of h^s Majesties Court of *Kings-Bench*; v^ho departed this Life the 19th of
this Instant *June, Anno Domini, 1683.*

AN D art thou gon, thou brave amongst the great,
Laws Oracle; a Pillar of the State?
The Fates were cruel thus to snatch thee hence,
When *England* with thy loss could ill dispence.
Wisdom with Mournful *Cyprus* shades her Brows;
Before your Herse Stupendious Learning bows;
The Nations *Genius* trembl'd at your fall
Dreading the Fates design'd to ruin all,
That we can Wisdom or true Virtue call.
That Wisdom which to frame each great design,
Did often with well Govern'd reason joyn,
Dos now in Heaven's transparent Empyrium shine.
Thy Virtues Noble as thy self were seen,
And thy due Lawrels wear *Eternal* *Geen*;
Which time can never blast, the Fates can't hide,
Nor yet the power of Deaths Dire force divide.
Fame Ecchoes loud thy praises and thy worth,
Which beaming brightness through Death's Vail sends forth.
Thy Name in Fames immortal book is plac'd,
And in the Worlds last Ages shall be grac'd
Nor shal't by eating Time, be e'r defac'd.
Humble and Courteous was thy mighty mind,
Not to Ambition nor to Pride inclin'd,
But still unto thy Countries use confin'd.
Ch arity still waited thy uprise,
And never turn'd from thee with Languid Eyes.
All good men lov'd thee, bad men fear'd thy frown,
Justice her self proclaim'd thy high renown,
In all Estates thy Virtues did thee Crown.
Thy Prince's favour thou didst still possess,
Beyond what here the Muses can express.
The Nations good in health and sickness were
Thy daily Study and Supreme Care;
No Pains to serve the Publique didst thou spare;
Which makes thee live Pth Deathless book of Fame.
And to all Ages will thy worth proclaim.
Recording thy immortal Matchless Name.
Yet Mourn true Virtue; Learning shead a Tear,
Let *Brittains* Empire all in Grief appear;
Each mournful Ile her Robe of sorrow wear.

Fan, Fan, with gales of Sighs, the Gentle Air,
That it to distant Lands the News may bear,
And on its Wings the weeping Clouds convey,
Whose falling drops from Gloomy Curtains may,
In tacite Language plainly Emblemise,
How all true Loyalists with flowing Eyes
Pay tribute Tears to these dear Obsequies.
To him; to learned *Saunders* whose great Soul,
Is mounted now above the Worlds controul;
Whom Fate durst not attach till her command,
Was sign'd by the Almighty's favouring hand,
To free his darling from Earths slavery.
To man what greater favour cou'd there be,
Than from a suffering World thus Rap'd on high,
In perfect Freedom to transcend the Skie;
On Earth to leave true virtues wreaths of Bays.
And Crown'd in Heaven vwith bright incircling Rays.
To leave a Wilderness for Paradise?
Howv kind is Death when he does thus intice.
Poor vveary Mortals from a World of vvoe,
To those blest'd Fountains vvhence all joys do flow?
When ease is lost belowv its found above,
Happy thou art in sacred choicest love.
Then rest thy *Asbes* in their sacred Urne,
Whilst Heaven and you rejoyce the Earth does Mourn.
The former for the Gemm so lately gain'd,
The latter for the loss she has sustain'd,
And thy free Soul for joys it has obtain'd.

E P I T A P H.

RE A D E R, within this narrow Urn's confin'd.
Great Saunders, all but his immortal mind.
For willing Earth could that no longer stay,
Heaven call'd it hence; that Call it did obey,
But still he lives, Fame gives him Life in Death,
And sounds his Praises with her loudest breath.